

THE ARIEL.

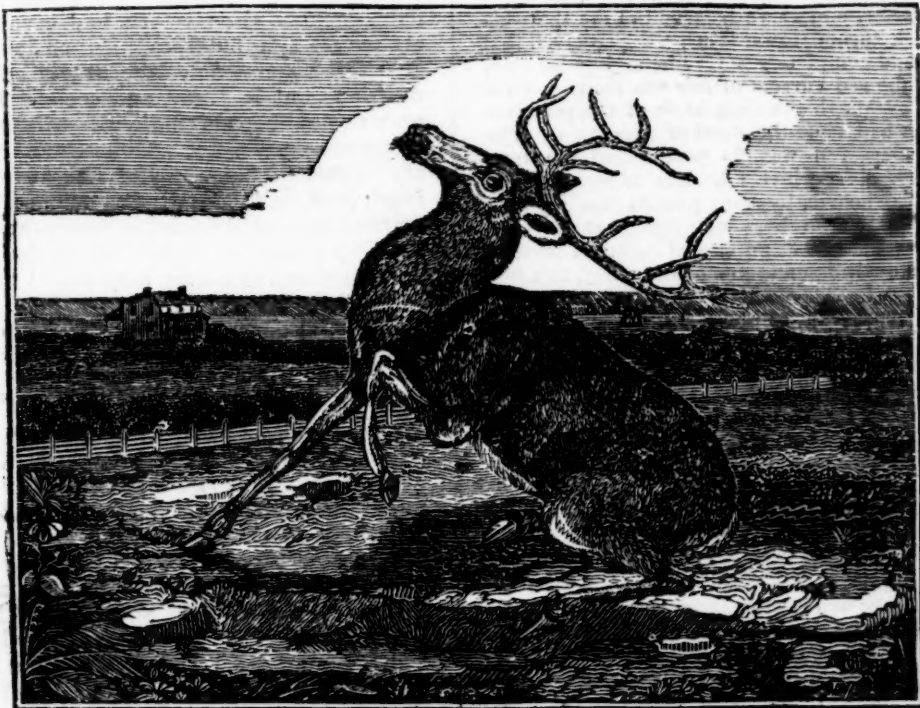
A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. V.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 1, 1831.

NO. 12.



SPORTS AT HAREWOOD.

From the Sporting Magazine.

"Thro' brakes he shuns the hunter's sight,
But o'er the plain or upland bounding;
The rifle ball arrests his flight,
The horn of chase his knell resounding."

The last living signer of the declaration of American independence, entered his ninety-fourth year on the 20th of September last; remaining, as was happily expressed by a gentleman on that occasion, as "a beacon to his countrymen, in the path of patriotism and virtue."

Amongst his oldest friends and the one who has most constantly enjoyed his confidence and regard, is Mr. O the proprietor of Harewood, a very large and elegantly improved estate, on the Gunpowder river—where, besides domestic animals of the most improved breeds, fish that come daily fluttering from the weirs, and fowl of almost every sort that "nature hath taught to dip its wing in water," there may be seen sometimes *two hundred deer* at a single view—from these one of the largest bucks is annually selected and sent to Dougragen manor, for the *birth-day dinner*. The park is so extensive, the woods so deep and impenetrable, and the food so abundant, that it is by no means an easy matter to pick out and kill the best of the herd. Swift of foot, and quick of hearing, he espies danger at a remote distance, and it is only the keen sportsman, spirited, alert, and quick of eye and action, like himself, that can by any means circumvent him, and bring his proud antlers to the dust. The honor of this distinguished feat in the sporting annals of Harewood, most usually falls to the lot of Mr. R. M. G. The plate engraved to ornament this number is intended to represent the death of the one which constituted the last annual offering to the surviving patriot, at the moment of its being shot. Without stopping here to dwell on the pleasant convivialities and exhilarating exercises attendant on a visit to Harewood on these occasions, it may be said, of the noble saddle that crowns the anniversary dinner, as of other good things, that if the enjoyment be delicious, the appetite is sharpened and

the relish heightened by the hopes and fears, the difficulties and even dangers of the pursuit.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 25th, 1830.

DEAR SIR:—You requested that I would give you some particulars of the killing of that noble buck, on the saddle of which you and some dozen friends feasted so heartily a few days since. I will attempt to do so, however inadequate I may feel to do it ample justice.

Near seventeen miles from this city is situated a Park, over which you have often coursed; and which you can well attest, is beautifully stored with not less than two hundred head of deer. To afford a treat at this season of the year, to mutual friends, I repaired thither armed with my rifle, determined that the most gallant of the herd, should furnish a repast worthy so estimable an assemblage. Having selected a position deemed most likely as the spot where the deer would pass, I waited with becoming patience and quietude the approach of the game, driven on by two men who were beating the woods for that purpose.

These sagacious animals, though confined within bounds of some 300 acres, are, however, by no means tame in proportion to their limits. Two good hours elapsed, and yet no gallant buck presented itself within range of my piece; and at length one of the men, wearied by his fruitless exertions to drive the deer towards me, approached my stand, and threw himself on the ground, exhausted by fatigue and the heat of the weather.—His presence, however, proved satisfactory in the end, as he witnessed the shot I made, and which I consider as unusual as others may deem it accidental or adroit.

Soon after I was joined by the huntsman, a beautiful doe was seen passing by at some hundred yards distance, with a rapidity that indicated alarm—and in a few moments, we perceived a noble buck, following in the same direction, impelled forward with all the energy of its nature. His course, how-

ever, indicated a nearer approach, and on obtaining a certain position, he quickly discerned in the deep wood, the appearance of a foreign body, and paused for a single moment to regard us. That moment sealed his fate—for, availing myself of the opportunity offered, the ball was driven from the muzzle of my piece with unerring aim, and this gallant ornament of the park fell dead.

The ground on which he fell, was of an undulating character, and as we hastened to the spot, his white neck turned towards us, we perceived that the ball had completely severed the jugular vein, and that the red current of life was pouring forth as freely as though the keen knife of the practised sportsman had done the deed of execution. The distance measured was 65 paces—and the total weight, 207 lbs.; which I believe to be unusually large—being heavier by many pounds than any deer heretofore killed on these luxuriant grounds.

As to its fine order and capital eating, I leave to you and the other gentlemen of the party, to sound its praises, who appeared to enjoy with so much zest the food, the company, and the generous glass.

G.

SELECT TALES.

THE DREAM.

The cottage homes of England,
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fanes:
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves:
And fearless there the lowly sleep
As the bird beneath their eaves.

A home of cheerful, quiet beauty, in Ashgrove, a village in the West Riding of Yorkshire, had been the residence of Edmund Walton for the last twenty years. He rented a farm of about three hundred acres; and his intelligence, integrity, and kindness of disposition, rendered him a very popular person both with rich and poor. His station in society was something inferior to that which he once hoped to fill: he was the son of a clergyman, and, in the days of his boyhood, had been destined for the church: the sudden death of his father—when Edmund was in his sixteenth year—disappointed the hope. Instead of preparing for college, he was transferred to the chambers of a solicitor in London; but Edmund had been trained up amidst the freedom and freshness of nature, and he found a dull desk in a dusky office an insufferable exchange for the sunny hills, smiling valleys, and woody glens of his early home.

He accordingly decided upon devoting himself to agricultural pursuits;—and if a shade of regret at the blight of his youthful prospects sometimes stole over his mind, it was soon lost amidst the energy of active usefulness, or charmed away by a smile from his gentle wife, or the gambols of his sportive children. His education had been thoroughly good, for it had taught him to estimate things, persons, and circumstances justly; and when he compared his own lot with that of others, he was not disposed to quarrel with it. It was humble, but not mean: it secured independence, and permitted hospitality. His days were passed amidst woods, and brakes, and fields, in the full enjoyment of "free nature's grace," and his evenings in the soft, sweet endearments of domestic life. There were few better or happier men than Edmund Walton.

His principal servant and assistant in the management of the farm, was John Cumming: he had been in the employ of its former occupant, and to use his own phrase, had worked, man and boy, on the land nearly fifty years; he was indeed well known to all the inhabitants of Ashgrove. Notwithstanding his sober, sedate, in-

dustrious habits, John was a bachelor. Many ascribed this to the cold cautiousness of his character; but two or three of the grey-headed patriarchs of Ashgrove remembered something of a love-affair in his youth, which, however, ended in nothing. The old folks surmised that John had been jilted: it is certain that his proposed marriage with Susan Wilmot, the pretty dairy-maid at the Rectory, had been suddenly broken off, and that from that time John became an altered man—not, indeed, less sober or industrious, but less gay and social. However, notwithstanding his single blessedness, and his ungracious preference of John Cumming's society to that of the world of Ashgrove, he was much respected, consulted as an oracle upon all matters connected with husbandry, and appealed to by parochial authorities, in doubtful and delicate cases, as a man acquainted with every rood of land in the parish.

With his master, he was on the best terms imaginable; fearlessly trusted, and entirely trustworthy. Every thing indeed, animate and inanimate, seemed to prosper under his care.—There was also a peculiar tie between them. On one occasion, when Walton was breaking in a young horse, John had saved the life of his master, at the imminent peril of his own. Unsocial as his manner unquestionably was, the frank kindness of Walton seemed to open his heart. The children, too, became his pets and playthings: they climbed his knee, stroked his rough face with familiar fondness, and his long arm was frequently in request to reach a bough of hawthorn, a sprig of eglantine, or a cluster of ripe nuts: the eldest boy often followed him round the farm; there were young lambs to be seen, or rabbits to be hunted, or John would take him to the copse, where the finest primroses, harebells and violets were to be found.—Indeed, Cumming was treated in this family with the indulgence of a relative, rather than the distance usual with a hired servant.

A singular and fearful incident at length interrupted this happy state of things. Mrs. Walton was one night suddenly awakened by a deep groan from her husband: he started up in bed, his whole frame convulsed with terror, and continued for some minutes in a state of speechless agitation. At length the tremor began a little to subside, and looking fearfully around him, he exclaimed, "Thank God!—it is but a dream!" Still, however, he trembled exceedingly; and after vainly endeavoring to compose himself, arose and walked about the room.

"It is but a dream," he repeated in a low tone; "but, oh! how fearfully, how dreadfully distinct." He threw open the window: it was a still, balmy night in June, and the whole earth seemed wrapped in the softest quietude; the stars in glory and beauty were keeping their night-watches; and through the rich woods that clothed the hills, not a leaf stirred. A dewy fragrance stole from the woodbine, that hung its tangled wreaths around the window, and Walton felt his spirits soothed by the delicious calm of nature.

"All was so still, so soft in earth and air,
You scarce would start to meet a spirit there;
Secure that nought of evil could delight
To walk in such a scene, on such a night."

He slept little more; and rising with the dawn, made a strong effort to shake off the impression of his fearful dream, but in vain; neither

"The active day so boon and bright,"
nor his own cheerful temperament, availed; he reasoned with himself again, and again he exclaimed, "How absurd to be thus harrassed by an idle dream!"

All would not do; the images conjured up in sleep, haunted him with strange pertinacity; he resisted the solicitation of his wife, whose curiosity was very naturally excited, and refused to relate the circumstances which had so affected him.

"Why should I infect your mind with images of horror?" said he; "it would only increase the difficulty of dismissing them from my own, which I intend to do with all possible speed. Not one more word will we say on the subject."

A week elapsed. Walton adhered to his resolution, and his impressions had lost some of their horror and intenseness, when precisely the same dream was repeated; the circumstances did not vary in a single point; the scene again appeared before him with the most vivid and intense distinctness. Still more agitated, still more deeply impressed, he no longer refused himself the relief of imparting the particulars to his wife.

"It is most remarkable," exclaimed he, "that this dream is entirely free from all confusion and indistinctness; every object and every circumstance are as clearly marked and defined, as if all were reality instead of illusion."

"I thought that I was walking on a fine, calm night through a green lane a few miles from Ashgrove: the moon shone brightly; and I came to a spot where the lane jutted out into a sort of broad bay. A large oak threw its rugged arms across the greensward; and at a few yards distance, ran a clear brook, over which was thrown a single plank by way of bridge: an old grey weeping ash, half despoiled of its branches, hung over it. As I stood watching the moonbeams softly playing over the little stream, two figures appeared slowly and silently advancing from that part of the lane which was wrapped in shade: the one wore the dress of a sailor, neat and trim, as if in his holiday garb; the other was considerably taller, habited in a carter's frock and thick shoes, like a ploughman just returned from his work. Though I heard no sound, yet their gestures appeared animated; and on the countryman's part, violent; the countenance of the sailor seemed to wear an arch smile; they paused a moment under the oak; the gestures of the rustic betrayed increasing and frightful violence. At length he suddenly seized upon the sailor, threw him on the ground, grasped his throat with a demon-like force, and after a few moments of fierce struggle, the man lay a corpse at his feet. I thought that I had no power to move or speak; my feet were rooted to the spot, while the murderer stood motionless, contemplating in silence his savage work, and the stiffening form of his victim."

"While I still gazed in unspeakable horror, the earth suddenly clave asunder, and again closed over the corpse of the murdered man. Every vestige of the bloody deed had vanished; the ruffian stood alone. At this moment, the moon shone with the most refulgent brightness. Suddenly he seemed invested with an atmosphere of light; he threw up his hands and eyes, as if in agony, then turned towards me; every line of his face and figure stood out with the cold, clear distinctness of a statue. The murderer was JOHN CUMMING!"

"How strange!" exclaimed Mrs. Walton, in a low tremulous tone; "how very dreadful!"

Several minutes elapsed, and not another word was uttered, while Walton walked up and down the room in a state of violent perturbation.

"He is so faithful—so excellent!" continued he, following the current of his own thoughts. "A shade of suspicion appears to be most bar-

barous injustice, and yet—but it is a dream—the idle coinage of my own brain."

John, at this moment, passed the window, with the eldest boy perched on his shoulder; the rough kind tones of his voice blending with the laughing joy of the boy. A cold shudder crept over Walton's heart; he passed hastily out, took the child gently from him, and pressed it with passionate fondness to his heart, as if he had rescued it from some strange peril.

"It is wicked—it is cruel!" exclaimed he, "for an instant to harbor such thoughts." He covered his face for a moment with both hands; and then starting up, took his hat, and strove, by a long walk, to dissipate the gloom that was thickly gathering over his mind.

Wrapped in thought, he wandered on till he found himself at some distance from Ashgrove; and, pausing for a few seconds to consider the bearings of the country, he struck into a by-lane little frequented, which he thought would lead homewards by a short cut.

The sun was setting as Walton turned into the lane, so that the greatest part was in shade; but occasional breaks in the hedge admitted a few gleams of his parting radiance. He found the way longer and more winding than he had calculated upon, and was beginning to regret that he had made choice of such a path, when every feeling was absorbed in emotions of wonder and fear. He stood in the very spot of which he had dreamed! There was the little stream—the bridge of a single plank—the old withered ash. Walton leaned against the tree for support, and closed his eyes, as if fearful that the horrid vision should appear before him; but all around was calm and still. The distant low of the cattle, the tinkling of the sheep-bell, and the rich song of the nightingale, alone interrupted the deep repose of evening.

Walton, still leaning against the tree, breathed a fervent prayer for strength and direction. Free as he was from all superstition, he yet began to think that such a singular coincidence could not be the effect of chance; and while his frame trembled with emotion, he earnestly petitioned for that wisdom which would alike preserve him from presumptuous recklessness or enfeebling terror.

Somewhat relieved, though still painfully agitated, he cast another rapid and enquiring glance around the spot, and shuddering at its fearful identity, pursued his way, wrapped in anxious meditation.

The shadows of twilight were deepening around him; and, his mind bewildered and oppressed, he was scarcely able to form a definite purpose: he felt, however, a strong desire to examine the precise spot where the body had so mysteriously disappeared, but this could not be done with the secrecy and expedition which were so desirable, without assistance—and to whom could he apply? He dreaded the result of the examination. If he found any corroborating proofs, what course could he pursue?—The occurrence was indeed passing strange! yet, would it not be better to bear the miserable burthen of such a mystery, than, by disclosing it, to impeach a man of irreproachable life and character—his own faithful and attached servant—one who had watched over his interests for many years with ceaseless vigilance—whose age was now "fading into the sear and yellow leaf,"—above all, one who had saved his life?

Yet, if the whole dream were not the work of chance, or of some juggling fiend, was he at liberty to pass it over? was he not imperatively

called upon to proceed and ascertain the truth? His only relief, in this wretched perplexity, was to talk the whole matter over freely with his wife, and she strongly urged him to confide the circumstances to Mr. Forrester, the Rector of the parish. He was a man who combined high principle with clear sound sense and the best feelings; one who would judge wisely and act kindly. But so reluctant did Walter feel to make the disclosure, that not until he had been again and again visited by the same dream, and his health and spirits began to sink under its pressure, did he resolve to adopt her advice.

Mr. Forrester listened to the relation with deep interest:

"Perhaps," added Walton, "you will be inclined to think that I discover a great deal of childish credulity in being thus forcibly impressed by a dream; but I have struggled with the feeling in vain."

"No, my dear sir," replied Mr. Forrester, thoughtfully; and after a pause of some minutes—"I should not envy the man who could readily dismiss such a dream; it would be, in my opinion, a far greater proof of presumption than of wisdom. From what is termed vulgar superstition, I hope we are equally free. It has pleased God, of his unspeakable mercy, to furnish us with a revelation of his will, containing a clear rule of faith and practice; and we have certainly the highest authority for concluding that departed spirits are not permitted to revisit this earth—or, at least, to assume a visible form, and hold personal communion with its inhabitants, either to confirm the faith of the wavering, or alarm the conscience of the wicked; but I would by no means affirm that even such visitations may not be permitted, for the discovery or prevention of atrocious crime; and with respect to dreams, who would have the hardihood to assert that the High and Holy Being, who breathed a portion of His spirit into man, cannot direct and control the action of that spirit, in order to accomplish any purpose of justice or of mercy? Nor do I see any reason why a dream may not be made the medium of such agency. It is consonant with the recorded dealings of God in the olden time. But, of course, in such matters the exercise of nice discrimination and sound judgment is in the highest degree essential. I believe that special interferences of this nature are extremely rare—and that, where they do occur, the importance of the end justifies the unusual nature of the means. We must be upon our guard, too, against the freaks both of the body and the mind; for man is a curious compound; and the nerves and the imagination, when stimulated to unusual action, are apt to be somewhat unmanageable. Nervous excitement, and a morbid state of mind, often produce strange imaginings. But, in your case, I see no proof either of physical or mental disease. The connected tenor of your dream—the strange identity of the spot—are so remarkable, that we appear to me to be imperatively called upon to investigate the matter further. As secrecy, however, is of the last importance, we will admit no person to our confidence. This very night, if you please, we will repair to the spot; if the examination should afford any confirmation of the circumstances of this most singular dream, we must then consider what course it will be wise to adopt."

In pursuance of this arrangement, when the evening sounds had gradually died away, and only a light here and there were seen to twinkle from the cottage windows of Ashgrove, Mr.

Forrester and Walton pursued their intended way. There was no moon, but the stars shone softly amidst the still, summer twilight, and they reached the lane about midnight.

During the evening Walton had conveyed the necessary implements; and, pointing to the exact spot, so tragically marked in his dream, they begun their dreary task. They had continued their work for more than an hour, pausing only occasionally to rest, and exchange a few low whispers, when Walton, feeling his labors suddenly impeded, stopped, and throwing the light of the lantern full on the ground, exclaimed, after a few moments' examination—

"Gracious God!—all is then true—it is no illusion!"

He leaned on Mr. Forrester for support, as he pointed to the earth, where the remains of a human form were distinctly visible.

Awe-struck and trembling, they stood for some minutes by the yawning grave in silence. Here a deed of darkness had been done. Hero had been the fierce and fearful struggle, the groan of mortal agony, and then the deep unbroken silence of death. Years must have rolled away since, amidst the darkness and hush of night, the murderer had committed his victim to the cold silent earth. No human eye beheld that work—no human ear heard the quick throbbing of that guilty heart—no human being witnessed the startled terror of his glance, as he gazed wildly around, though his eye rested only on the dimpling brook, and the foliage sleeping softly beneath the calm moonbeam. No busy feet had trod that lone and unfrequented path—only the wandering gypsy now and then fixed his tent beneath the old oak, tempted by the sheltered quietness of the spot. For many a year had the harebell and pale primrose

"Unheeded shed their blossoms,"

and the violet breathed its rich fragrance over the unsuspected grave. But the Eye of that Holy Being, which "slumbereth not, neither sleepeth," beheld the ruthless deed—in His book the dark deed was inscribed, and now, at the same hour, amidst the darkness and the hush of night, at His bidding, the grave again gave up its dead, and the secret stood revealed.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

EPITAPH.

IN the churchyard of Walbach was formerly a monument, which bore this epitaph:—

During three years of marriage
Margaret Salome, wife of G. Stouber,
Minister of this parish,

Found at the Ban de la Roche, in the simplicity of a peaceable

And useful life,
The delight of her benevolent heart; and in her first confinement,

The grave of her youth and beauty.
She died, August 9, 1764, aged 20 years.

Near this spot
Her husband has sown for immortality all that was mortal;
Uncertain whether he is more sensible of the grief of having lost,
Or the glory of having possessed her.

A FRENCH priest, of some humor, says—
"When the celebrated Bourdaloue preached at Rouen, the tradesmen forsook their shops, lawyers their clients, and physicians their sick; but when I preached there the next year, I set all to rights again—every man minded his own business!"

A POET'S DAUGHTER.

Written for Miss * * *, at the request of her father,

BY MR. HALLECK.

"A Lady asks the minstrel's rhyme,"
A Lady asks?—There was a time,
When, musical as play-bells chime
To wearied boy,
That sound would summon dreams sublime
Of pride and joy.

But now the spell hath lost its sway,
Life's first-born fancies first decay.
Gone are the plumes and pennons gay
Of young romance;
There linger but her ruins gray
And broken lance.

"This is no world," so Hotspur said,
For "tilting lips" and "mammets" made,
No longer in love's myrtle shade
My thoughts recline—
I'm busy in the cotton trade,
And sugar line.

"'Tis youth, 'tis beauty asks—the green
"And growing leaves of seventeen
"Are round her; and, half hid, half seen,
"A violet flower:
"Nursed by the virtues she hath been
"From childhood's hour."

Blind passion's picture—yet for this
We woo the life-long bridal kiss,
And blend our every hope of bliss
With her's we love;
Her's—who admired a serpent's hiss
In Eden's grove!

Beauty—the fading rainbow's pride,
Youth—'twas the charm of her who died
At dawn, and by her coffin's side,
A grandsire stands;
Age-strengthened, like the oak, storm-tried,
Of mountain lands.

Youth's coffin—hush the tale it tells!
Be silent, memory's funeral bells!
Lone in my heart, her home, it dwells,
Untold till death,
And where the grave-mound greenly swells
O'er buried faith.

"But she who asks hath rank and power,
"And treasured gold, and banner'd tower,
"A kingdom for her marriage dower,
"Broad seas and lands;
"Armies her train, a throne her bower,
"A queen commands!"

A queen? Earth's regal suns have set,
Where perish'd Marie Antoinette?
Where's Bordeaux's mother? where the jet
Black Haytien dame?
And Lusitania's coronet?
And Angouleme?

Empires to-day are upside down,
The castle kneels before the town,
The monarch fears a printer's frown,
A brick-bat's range—
Give me in preference to a crown,
Five shillings change.

"Another asks—though first among
"The good, the beautiful, the young
"The birthright of a spell more strong
"Than these hath brought her;
"She is your kinswoman in song,
"A poet's daughter!"

A poet's daughter? Could I claim
The consanguinity of fame,
Veins of my intellectual frame,
Your blood would glow
Proudly, to sing that gentlest name
Of aught below!

A poet's daughter! Dearer word
Lip hath not spoke, nor listener heard
Fit theme for song of bee and bird
From morn till even,
And wind harp, by the breathing stirred
Of star-lit heaven.

My spirit's wings are weak—the fire
Poetic comes but to expire,
Her name needs not my humble lyre
To bid it live;
She hath already from her sire
All bard can give.

THE BOAR'S HEAD IN EASTCHEAP.—Among the sacrifices to utility caused by the New London Bridges there is none which the admirer of the Drama, the arcæologist and the lover of good fellowship, will more regret than the destruction of the Boar's Head in Eastcheap. The ancient hotel of Dame Quickly, is *quickly* to disappear, and if the ghost of the fat knight could 'revisit the glimpses of the moon,' he would in vain seek his ancient and beloved sack posset there. The house has long since ceased to be one of entertainment, its late occupant was a tape merchant, and the only reminiscences of the scene where Hal and Falstaff, and Nim and Bardolph, drank over their successful depredations, was a boar's head rudely sculptured in stone, fixed in front of the house, bearing the date of its revival. Within a few days from this immortal drinking place, and the passenger who approaches London Bridge from the northward, will hardly dream that he walks over the spot.

A Stray Irishman!—The passengers on board the steamboat North America were much amused the other day with a wild Sprig of the Emerald Isle (apparently just caught) who protruded his curly pate into the office, (after the boat had got some twenty miles up the river,) "and sure, Captain," said he, "are we not to Hoboken yet?" Upon learning that he was on his way to Albany, and that Hoboken was opposite the city from whence he started, he opened his eyes and mouth with astonishment, and exclaimed, "botheration and bad luck to your vessel! Is't here the letter that Terry—that's me brother—wrote all the way to Ireland, sayin' that I had nothing at all to do but jist come to New York, when the steamboat would bring me till his own cabin in Hoboken; and here I am clane run away with to Halbaney!" Upon learning that a return boat would take him to New York, Pat consoled himself with the remark, that if he got safe back, to prevent another mistake, he would "jist foot it to Hoboken!"

FOR THE ARIEL.

POLAND.

Ungrateful France! Did Poland thus, to you,
When the same horde, the same barbarian crew
Was at thy gates? No! with the sword unsheathed,
They left their altars, with the Olive wreathed,
To wrest the laurel from thy foes. To stand
The shock of nations in a foreign land;
For thee they fought—they triumphed, and they bled,
Mingled with thine their dying and their dead—
Helped in thy triumphs—in thy losses shared—
And in thy quarrels their right arms they bared—
Bore thy proud Eagles o'er thy slaughtered foes,
Where Moscow's spires in flames devouring rose,
And when at last from thy triumphant car
Imprisoned victory fled, thy foes to cheer,
Did they too leave thee, when by armies prest,
When Europe's darts were hurled at thy bared breast?
When former allies turned to bitter foes?
And warlike millions round thy country close?
No! They stood firm! and strove thy foes to repel,
And side by side with thee they fought and fell!
The Patriot's blood cries from thy guilty ground
On thee for help: but O! how vain the sound!
With bootless pity thou returnst their toll,
Their sweat of blood, for which thou hast the spoil!
Oh! guilty state! While they for Freedom bleed,
Thou calmly seest, content to praise the deed!
'Tis theirs for Freedom in the field to try,
'Yours to look on, and bid the valiant die."

CURATUS.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE ARIEL.

THE TOWN TATLER.--NO. 14.

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.—Pope.

"AND so the Woodburn goes off under the sheriff's hammer to day," said I to one of the understrappers of this last finisher of the law, about a twelvemonth ago, when a considerable company had already collected to view the premises previous to the sale. "Poor H—," I continued, "he has missed it greatly—is there no way to save him left?"—and turning round, I met half a dozen mutual friends, hastening to impart to H— the little consolation which a kind word affords to a broken heart. Our friend H— was a melancholy instance of the weakest infatuation having fastened itself upon a strong mind, carrying it away into utter and almost irremediable ruin.

Woodburn was the name given by H— to one of the prettiest little country places within a week's ride of Philadelphia. He pitched upon it because it was quiet and retired, removed from the bustle of the city, and yet entirely within reach of the many warm-hearted friends he had left behind, still struggling for affluence in the great mart of intelligence. He was one of a knot of near a dozen young men, who had grown up together in the strictest fellowship, and who still kept up the warm intercourse of youth, though business engrossed much of each one's attention, and though some few had ventured into the marriage state. Among the first so to adventure, was H—. He fixed upon the beauty of the circle she belonged to, while the dash of romance which shewed itself in all her movements, was happily adapted to find an answering spirit in his own breast.—By his own labor he had saved a pretty sum in dollars, when a lucky turn in the lottery brought up a prize of ten thousand more, which, in spite of H's strong sense, came very near leading him at once into the depths of ruin. Poor fellow! he had been brought up by parents who had seen a good deal of hard struggling to get along in the world, and he was unused to handling such large sums of his own money. But the effervescence of his mind gradually subsided, more, I believe, from the unremitted efforts of his wife—who now shone out with an energy of character that surprised all—than from any latent principle of prudence of his own. He shut up his store, after first selling out his stock in trade, and bought a little field of sixty acres a few miles beyond the Schuylkill. Here indeed he seemed happy for awhile. His charming wife assisted him in all his amusements and occupations. A cottage of delightful aspect rose up as if by enchantment, decked with flowers, and arbors, and trellices, the very abode of taste and fancy.

To this little paradise it was H's practice to invite his chosen circle of friends to while away the sultry season, where, with rod and gun, and the society of his sweet wife, the time never lagged on heavy wings. He had,

in the phrase of the world, "made enough," and was determined to enjoy it with an openness of heart that was strictly in accordance with his character. Yet in all this social intercourse of bosom friends and cheerful companions, there was nothing of the boisterous mirth or low debauchery of rude licentiousness. The glass never circulated too freely, nor did conversation ever pass beyond that line of decent propriety which true nobleness of heart ever indicates. In fact, what between his wife, their two little ones, his friends, his cottage and his farm,

"The birds singing gaily, that came at his call,
These—these—with the peace of mind, dearer than all,"

the days of H— passed off with a gentle uniformity of happiness that alone was fatal to him.

He had escaped suddenly from the bustle of the city, into the solitude of the country; and it was in vain that he endeavored to shake off a certain restlessness of spirit which at times came over him with painful importunity. He was in fact too much at his ease. He read the newspapers as regularly as they came from the press, and his table was covered with the literature of the day, to all of which he, as well as his wife, was passionately devoted. What more could he ask for?—Alas! he sought refuge from his restlessness by mingling in public life. He entered the arena of politics—surely no fatal arena of itself, but for the seductions which sometimes lurk around it. He was successful—here, as elsewhere, his society was courted, as much for its charms, as because his hand was even more open than his heart. Among others, the gambler grasped it, and H— being a man of leisure, was introduced into the billiard room of a fashionable house in Philadelphia, which flourished under the very eyes of the sworn defenders of the peoples' morals. Need I say more than that the fascinating devil crept into his very soul, and twined around him with a fatality that baffled all remonstrance, while it stung his friends and family with unutterable anguish. His downward career needs no tracing of mine. The reader knows that it was certain. Yet amid his wild infatuation, his wife was spared the agony of knowing that her husband drank of the inebriating bowl. Happily—shall I not say *providentially*—the demon of intoxication kept aloof from him. In the depths of his reckless prodigality of money and time at the gaming table, he never once approached the wine cup. His taste recoiled from the libation as from poison itself, and through all, he was preserved a sober man.

Thus, for more than three years did my poor friend pursue the chequered course of a gambler. How often, after a night spent among the base of that profession, has he crept silently to bed, fearful through it all, of awakening his yet dear wife and children, or of making them the confidants of his heavy and ruinous losses. His course, however, was soon brought up. In a phrenzy of despair at a loss so great as to render even him almost frantic, he mortgaged for its full value the little spot which his wife had unceasingly endeavored to embellish and improve, and the next turn of the dice proclaimed him a beg-

gar! In an agony he rushed out from the horrid congregation of sharpers, and as if by instinct, sought the arms of his yet devoted wife, told her all, implored for her forgiveness, and in the excitement of the moment, with his hand upon that bible which contained the record of the birth of the two little ones who stood weeping around him, vowed with a solemnity befitting the occasion, never to visit the gaming table again.

But alas! his good resolutions had stepped in too late to remedy the evil of his bad ones. Poor H— sunk into a lethargy alarming to his friends. He could not turn to business, for his credit was gone, and no one would employ a gambler so notorious as he was.— Besides, the holder of the mortgage upon Woodburn was determined to sell the place immediately, having become alarmed for his money. In the midst of this complicated distress, H's circle of friends, unlike the sunshine crowd which follows at the heels of fortune's favorites only, came in to comfort and sustain. With silent grief they had watched his career, and having heard of his good intentions for the future, resolved to make one more effort to prevent his family from suffering.

The day of sale had arrived—the beautiful pale fence in front of his cottage was stuck over with handbills announcing the event—the neighbors with an unfeeling curiosity peculiar to most people, were pouring in to witness the sacrifice of H's prospects, and rude jokes were passing to and fro among the young men assembled on the beautiful green lawn in front of the house. I walked up to the little parlor, with four or five of H's friends, but it was deserted by all except himself. "My dear friends," he exclaimed as we entered, "how kind it is for you to be here. But I am ruined—O, if I could but keep this little garden spot, I could be happy—I *know* I could"—and he dropped his head upon his hand in a despairing attitude. We bade him cheer up, and enquired for his wife and children. "She could not bear to see the last of it, and has gone to the city," he replied. He was going on to lament his folly, when the loud voice of the sheriff was heard outside, "Come, gentlemen, shall we go on with the sale? Mr. H— are you ready? Mr. K. are you ready?" turning to the lawyer by whose directions he acted, and we all went out to hear the bidding. H— leaned on my arm, and our friends followed at a short distance behind us, engaged in earnest conversation. One of them suddenly returned to the parlor, and hastily tearing a blank leaf from an album which lay on the mantle, sat down a moment to write. Presently he came out, but found it impossible to force his way through the dense crowd to the sheriff, to whom it appeared he wished to address himself. Our friend H— was still leaning on my arm in moody silence, when the friend before mentioned called out in a loud voice, interrupting the frequent bids, "Mr. Sheriff, I believe your demand against this property is for four thousand dollars; you will please stop the sale—here is a check for the amount," and he reached a paper over to the sheriff, who, after consulting with his lawyer, dis-

missed the company. Poor H— who heard and saw all this, looked up at the last word with the stupefied air of a culprit when left alone upon the gallows, and staggered back, totally overcome by his emotions. It was soon explained to him—his friends had agreed to release him, and set him once more free. I rode off immediately to convey the tidings to his wife, and need I attempt to portray the affecting nature of the interview? Let it suffice to say that H—, completely reformed of his infatuation, again occupies the charming villa of Woodburn, surrounded by a smiling family of grateful hearts, a living witness of the danger of a single vice.

FOR THE ARIEL.

BRIEF NOTES OF A TOURIST.

WEST-CHESTER, within a few hours ride of the city, is one of the most flourishing villages in the state of Pennsylvania. It is situated in the heart of a rich, healthy, and delightful country. We recollect spending a week or two with mine host of the Black Bear about six or seven years ago, since when the number of houses, and the population, have been nearly if not quite doubled. The former have a neat, substantial appearance. We were particularly struck with the air of modern refinement and even elegance apparent at Bruin's head quarters, since we first witnessed his rugged portrait swinging in the air, and chained up for safety. The good old fashioned mode of parading the guests on the porch, facing the street, for a regular morning's wash, is, however, still preserved, and with some other relics of olden times, serves to remind one of that rural simplicity which is now gradually wearing away. The sign of Washington and La Fayette, a little nearer the centre of the borough, is one of the finest specimens of sign painting we have ever witnessed. The full length portraits of those immortal worthies, with the drapery, coloring, &c. is executed in a manner alike creditable to the skill of the artist and the liberality of the landlord.

Here are two schools which deserve to be mentioned with commendation. The one, a boys' day and boarding school, is under the care of two competent teachers, one of whom, Dr. Barber, has acquired extensive celebrity as a professor of elocution, having delivered lectures in all the principal cities on that valuable art. The other is the "West-Chester Boarding School for Girls," conducted on a plan similar to that pursued at the celebrated school at West-Town, about seven miles from this place. It differs somewhat in the course of studies, as besides all the usual branches of an English education, the French language, drawing and painting are taught. The principals are members of the Society of Friends, but here children of all denominations are received as pupils. We are glad to perceive the plan has met with decided approbation, and that although in operation but little more than a year, the average number of pupils is about forty. A wing of thirty-three feet in length, and of the width of the building, is now being erected, which will enable them to accommodate a larger number. We have no doubt this will rapidly become one of the most popular institutions for girls in the country. Had we a daughter for whose intellectual cultivation and purity of

mind we were solicitous, we should gladly confide her, with all the fondness of a doating parent, to the amiable and accomplished females of this excellent institution.

A few years since there was but one newspaper, the *Village Record*, published at this place—now there are no less than four, if not five—so rapid has been the increase of population, and so equally has the march of mind kept pace with its other improvements. The *Village Record* has long held a foremost rank among the newspapers of the country. Its editor, Charles Miner, whether as a member of our state legislature, or of the general Congress—whether aiding by his wisdom and prudence in the councils of the nation, or dispensing intelligence and virtue through the pages of his paper, is eminently entitled to the confidence and kindness of Chester county, and of this village particularly, since to his exertions so much of its prosperity is attributable. The beautiful effusions of his pen in which he has so often portrayed the blessings of Chester county—the fertility of her soil, the beauty of its scenery, with the hospitality and intelligence of her farmers, and the loveliness and virtue of her daughters—all pictured in the glowing colors of an amiable enthusiasm, have been extensively copied throughout the country; have been read by thousands who have longed to visit the scenes so eloquently described, and witness the rural domain of the "*Village Record*." The praises of West-Chester, thus echoed afar, have drawn many to the spot who would otherwise have died in ignorance of its charms.

On returning after a long absence, we miss the little circle to which we were once attached. It consisted of some four or five youths, all in the prime and buoyancy of youth, with ardent minds and glowing expectations, who thought to grasp the honors of science and the rewards of learning, but have fallen short. Death checked their enterprise, and of that little company, has borne three to the grave. One was a healthy, industrious cultivator of the soil. His hardy frame was not proof against the destroyer. Another of more delicate frame—of gentle manners and cultivated mind, was pursuing a liberal profession, of which he would have been an enthusiast and an ornament; he too passed away, in the summer of youth. A brilliant flower, cut down in its prime, and withered amid the tears of affection and friendship. Another, and the last of our chosen few, I remember well. He belonged to the far west—had been passing the severe ordeal at West Point, which to his indolent disposition must have been intolerable, and was now recreating amid the rural charms of West-Chester. He was a strange being, and how he ever endured the severe mental discipline at the great military school is matter of perfect astonishment. Thou chief of good-fellows! thou prince of Indolence! methinks I behold thee now, lolling on the porch, or beneath the shade of some summer tree, or stretched at full length on a soft feather-bed, hour after hour, dozing over the pages of "*Coke upon Littleton*," which thou pretendest to study. When forced to the task of eating, how lazily thou approachest the groaning table. With slipshod shoes and ungartered hose thou draggest thy heavy feet to the scene of action. But that good nature seated on that manly brow; the curious smile and

irresistible leer that played on the curled lip and beneath the laughing lid, disarmed anger and turned offence to humor. Poor fellow! the majestic oak and the tall maple wave their wide-spread branches over the quiet bed where thy form reposes beneath a western sky.

SIMPLE AMBITION.

ABOUT twenty-three years ago, the vane of Strasbourg Cathedral was struck by lightning, so that it hung on one side, threatening by its fall to endanger the lives of the people below. The alarm was so great, that the authorities, after a special consultation, posted bills about the streets, offering any reward that should be required to any one that would venture to ascend and strike off the vane. While the good citizens were reading this announcement, a peasant from the department of the Landes passed by, and being unable to read, he inquired the purport of the advertisement. When informed, he immediately offered his services for that purpose, and was conducted to the mayor and the bishop, who happened to be both in the Hotel de Ville at the time. They questioned him, and fully acquainted him with the difficulties of the enterprise—such as the real height, and that the upper part of the spire could only be ascended by ladders on the outside. However, not daunted, he persisted in his resolution to perform the feat on the morrow. All Strasbourg was assembled in the open places of the city on the next day; and, although admiring his courage as they saw him ascend, they most prudently refrained from cheering him as he deserved. Few who were then shading their eyes from the sun, in order to gaze on the spire, but must have envied him the scene of surpassing loveliness that was spread below him, although it is probable that neither the green landscape fading into blue distance, the relics of ancient castles, nor the beautiful Rhine glittering in sunshine, detained his regards. He who at home, in his own barren and level sands, had been used to no greater elevations than his stilts, was now mounting like an eagle towards heaven, and admired by thousands. When he reached the summit, he deliberately seated himself on the highest stone, with one leg on each side of the vane; and while his clothes were visibly fluttered in a strong breeze at such an eminence, he, with a hammer and chisel, displaced the cross that had caused such alarm. It flew spinning to the earth, and, borne away by the wind, fell in a neighboring field, where it sank twenty inches into the soil. The air was now rent with acclamations towards him, (for, be it remarked, he was the only person who had even proposed to effect its removal.) On his descent, he was carried in triumph to the Hotel de Ville. Being thanked by the authorities then and there assembled, and assured of their intense anxiety for his life ever since he had quitted the earth, he was asked what was the recompence he demanded? He modestly replied, "that if they were pleased with what he had performed, he hoped they would not think him presumptuous, but he should so much like to walk through the arsenal, and see all its wonderful stores and docks!"—and

they could not prevail upon him to ask more. A week afterwards he left Strasbourg, with twenty-five Napoleons in his pocket; and declared that he had never before spent his time so agreeably as he did in that city, for he had seen the Imperial Arsenal, the fortifications, and many other fine, as well as useful, sights, and had been continually feasted gratis by the rich and the great folks.

THE COAT OF MAIL.—Just before Napoleon set out for the court of Belgium, he sent to the cleverest artizan of his class in Paris, and demanded of him whether he would engage to make a coat of mail, to be worn under the ordinary dress, which should be absolutely bullet-proof; and that if so he might name his own price for such a work. The man engaged to make the desired object, if allowed proper time, and he named 18,000 francs as the price of it. The bargain was concluded, and in due time the work was produced, and its maker honored with a second audience of the Emperor. "Now," said his Imperial Majesty, "put it on." The man did so. "As I am to stake my life on its efficacy, *you will*, I suppose, have no objections to do the same." And he took a brace of pistols, and prepared to discharge one of them at the breast of the astonished *artiste*. There was no retreating, however, and, half dead with fear, he stood the fire, and, to the infinite credit of his work, with perfect impunity. But the emperor was not content with *one* trial; he fired the second pistol at the back of the trembling artist, and afterwards discharged a fowling piece at another part of him, with similar effect.—"Well," said the Emperor, "you have produced a capital work, undoubtedly—what is the price of it?" Eighteen thousand francs were named as the agreed sum. "There is an order for them," said the Emperor, "and here is another, for an equal sum, for the fright that I have given you."

The effect of music on the senses was oddly and wonderfully verified, during a late general mourning in London. A tailor had a great number of black suits, which were to be furnished in a short space of time—among his workmen, there was a fellow who was always singing Rule Britannia, and the rest of the journeymen joined in the chorus.—The tailor made his observations, and found that the slow time of the tune retarded the work; in consequence, he engaged a blind fiddler, and placing him near the workshop, made him play the lively tune of Nancy Dawson. This had the proper effect—the tailors' elbows moved obedient to the melody, and the clothes were sent home within the prescribed period.

Anecdote of Lord Norreys.—Lord Norreys, a lad of 22, and who looks 14, then presented another petition, and said it should have his hearty support—he hated slavery; yet his little Lordship is an Anti-Reformer. He is the son of the Earl of Abingdon, I think, and was returned to Parliament so soon as he attained 21. His little, *very little* Lordship, when he applied to a Quaker for his vote, received the following reply:—"Little Friend, go thee back to friend Abingdon, and tell him to send thee back to school, and then thou wilt learn a little modesty; for, hadst thou any, or friend Abingdon any sense, he would never have sent thee, nor wouldst thou have come to ask an old man like me to vote for a little boy like thee to be ruler over the people. Go back to school, and thou mayest as well take friend Abingdon with thee."

From the London Magazine.

HOBBLEDEHOYS.

Not a man nor a boy,
"But a Hobbledehoy."—*Old Song.*

If there is a time, a happy time,
When a boy is just half a man;
When ladies may kiss him without a crime,
And flirt with him like a fan—
When mammas with their daughters will leave him
If he will seem to fear them; [alone,
While, were he a man or a little more grown,
They never would let him come near them.

Whese, Lilly!—these were the days when you
Were my boy-hood's earliest flame—
When I thought it an honor to tie your shoe,
And trembled to hear your name:—
When I scarcely ventured to take a kiss,
Though your lips seemed half to invite me,
But, Lilly! I soon got over this—
When I kissed—and they did not bite me.

Oh! those were gladsome, and fairy times,
And our hearts were then in the spring;
When I passed my nights in writing you rhymes,
And my days in hearing you sing:—
And don't you remember your mother's dismay,
When she found in your drawer my sonnet;
And all the beautiful verses I wrote one day,
On the ribbon that hung from your bonnet?

And the seat we made by the fountain's gush,
Where your task you were wont to say;—
And how I lay under the holly bush
Till your governess went away;—
And how, when too long at your task you sat,
Or whenever a kiss I wanted,
I brayed like an ass—or mewed like a cat,
Till she deemed that the place was haunted?

When Captain Kotzebue, in his last voyage, visited the Sandwich Islands, he found Noomahanna, the widow of his Majesty Tameamea, who died in this country, so much increased in size that he did not know her again. She was six feet two inches high, and more than two ells in circumference. On one occasion the Captain called on her at dinner time; she was lying stretched on her prodigious stomach before the looking glass upon some fine mats: a number of china dishes were ranged in a semicircle before her, and the attendants were employed in handing first one and then another to her Majesty. She ate voraciously, whilst two boys flapped away the flies with large bunches of feathers. The quantity of food she ate was prodigious. After the entrance of the Captain she ate enough to satisfy six men, and those Russians. After she was satisfied she drew her breath two or three times with apparent difficulty, and then exclaimed, "I have eaten famously." By the assistance of her attendants she then turned on her back and made a sign with her hand to a strong fellow, who seemed prepared for duty. He immediately sprung upon her body, and kneaded her as unmercifully with his knees and fists as if she had been a trough of bread, this was done to favor digestion. After groaning a little at this ungentle treatment, and taking a short time to recover herself, she ordered her Royal Person to be again turned on the stomach, and re-commenced her meal. Noomahanna, and the fat hog are the greatest curiosities in the islands. By a natural sympathy with fatness, she loves every thing *en bon point*. This hog is black, of extraordinary size, and the Queen feeds him to suffocation, as other ladies do Dutch pigs. He has two hanackas to attend upon him, and can scarcely move from obesity.

FANNY.

Her place of rest is mantled o'er
 With dews of early morning;
 She heeds not now the winter's roar,
 Nor flowery spring's adorning.
 Alike to her, when summer's heat
 Glows on her verdant bed,
 Or when the snows of winter beat,
 And fleecy coverings shed.
 And rarely do they mention her,
 Who most her fate should mourn;
 And little did they weep for her,
 Who never can return.
 But back to memory let me bring
 Her laughing eyes of blue:
 She was, on earth, as fair a thing
 As fancy ever drew.
 She lov'd and was beloved again!
 And quickly flew the winged hours;
 Love seem'd to wreath his fairy chain
 Of blooming amaranthine flow'rs.
 She deem'd not time could ever blight
 That whisper'd tale she lov'd to hear;
 Alas! there came a gloomy night,
 That threw its shadows on her bier.
 He told her time should never see
 The hour he would forget her—
 That future years should only be
 Fresh links to bind him to her;
 That distant lands his steps might trace,
 And lovely forms he'd see,
 But Fanny's dear, remembered face,
 His polar-star should be.
 "O! ever shall I be the same,
 Whatever may betide me,—
 Remembrance whispers Fanny's name,
 And brings her form beside me.
 "Believe, believe, when far away,
 Distance but closer draws the chain;
 When twilight veils the 'garish day,'
 Remembrance turns to thee again."
 He's gone!—but Fancy in her ear
 Still murmurs on his last farewell,
 While Hope dries in her eye the tear,
 And bids her on each promise dwell.
 And long she hop'd—from day to day—
 From early morn to dusky eve
 Her thoughts were wand'ring far away,
 Nor deem'd that he could e'er deceive.
 Fond maid!—he thinks no more on thee—
 He mocks at thy enduring faith;
 While the foul tongue of calumny
 Accelerates thy early death.
 This world to her a desert grew,
 The sunny heavens no more were fair;
 Fast gathering tears obscured her view,
 And only night's dark clouds were there.
 Faded and chang'd the glorious dream,
 The vision bright that floated round her;
 And death was in the ghastly gleam
 That gave her eyes unearthly splendor.
 She lingered not, to feel that earth
 Is rife with Disappointment's thorn—
 That vows of faith are little worth,
 And fleeting as the hues of morn.
 Farewell! farewell! pale lilies drooping
 On her low bed as emblems wave;—
 And see!—the angel Pity stooping
 To shed her tear on Fanny's grave!

FACILITY OF DIVORCE AT THE MAURITIUS.—According to the "Code Napoleon," which had been established at the Mauritius, any two persons who were dissatisfied with each other, or who found that their tempers, tastes, or habits did not assimilate, might obtain a divorce, and the parties were at liberty to marry again.—"*Incompatibilité d'humeur*," was the cause most frequently alleged for the dissolution of the con-

jugal engagement. Thus, on the slightest pretext, a couple who had been joined together by a formal legal process were disunited again, and free to enter into new ties, as inclination or caprice prompted; a divorce could not be effected, however, unless both parties agreed in desiring it. If their wishes accorded in this respect, they went to a lawyer to signify to him their desires; they were required to wait one year, to consider the matter; then, at the expiration of that period, if no alteration had taken place in their sentiments, they were formally divorced and the female resumed her maiden name. I have heard of some ladies having been divorced thus, and remarried several times, and meeting their successive *ex-dévants* husbands in public with perfect indifference. The title "*La divorcée*," has not the same stigma attached to it, under such circumstances, as in England is affixed to a repudiated wife. In advertisements of property, it is not unusual to see Madame — *divorcee* — *divorcee* —, the lady's present name being succeeded by each of those she bore in turn. In consequence of the hymeneal tie being thus easily broken, I have heard that on a wedding-taking place, jokes are passed and speculations as to the probable durability of the engagement are not uncommon; and that sometimes it is actually conjectured who will be the next choice of each, when they shall have become tired of each other's society. It is obvious how much disunion and dissatisfaction must be produced in families by this facility of divorce. How must the ties of parent and child be weakened, and how must the harmony of domestic life be continually invaded by the slightest matrimonial differences being allowed to lead to consequences so serious! The knowledge that the law would release them from each other whenever they wish, must render the married pair habitually careless whether they please or displease each other; and no doubt, many a trivial disagreement, which might otherwise be succeeded by complete reconciliation, is, owing to this pernicious custom, the cause of open rupture and final separation. It occasionally happens, as if to evince the inconstancy of the human heart, that, after a divorce has taken place, the gentleman, who has borne the title of husband, discovers various excellencies and attractions in his former partner which he never before discerned, and seeks her society with as much eagerness as if it possessed the charm of novelty.

In the olden times, when it was a custom in many parts of New England to sing the psalms and hymns by "deaconing" them, as it was called, that was, by the deacon's reading each line previous to its being sung, one of these church dignitaries rose, and after looking at his book some time, and making several attempts to spell the words, apologised for the difficulty he experienced in reading, by observing,

"My eyes indeed are very blind."

The choir, who had been impatiently waiting for a whole line, thinking this to be the first of a common metre hymn, immediately sang it. The good deacon exclaimed, with emphasis,

"I cannot see at all."

This, of course, they also sung, when the astonished pillar of the church cried out,

"I really 'bieve you are bewitched!"

Response by the choir, "I really 'bieve you are bewitched."—Deacon:

"The deuce is in you all."

The choir finished the verse by echoing the last line, and the deacon sat down in despair.—*Transcript.*

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 1.

Mr. Maelzel has again returned to our city, with his wonderful collection of amusements for old and young. The spectacle of the Burning of Moscow is the most magnificent display of art we remember to have witnessed. It is perfect in all its parts, many of which are astonishingly minute. The mournful ringing of an hundred alarm bells—the blazing masses of the city—the entry of long and almost endless columns of troops—the half suppressed outcry of a distracted population—the fearful appearance of the night, with the strange and awful coloring of the moon, altogether form a scene of horrid interest of which we never beheld the equal. The entry of the various regiments of the French army, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, accompanied by the shrill notes of the trumpet, is exquisitely conceived, and gives an animation to the whole impossible to be described. Besides this masterpiece of art, the exhibition contains the wonderful and savage Chess-player, the Melodium, and the Automata Rope-dancers. We cannot forbear recommending to the public a visit to this exhibition. It is one of the few really rational displays that are now-a-days offered to public inspection.

The seventh volume of the Encyclopedia Americana has made its appearance with the punctuality promised by the publishers. It embraces the latter part of the letter I, with all of J and K, and part of L. Among the articles noticed as particularly valuable, we may mention one of about ten pages, on Inland Navigation, giving a minute and comprehensive history of all the great works now in progress in this country. Those also on the infamous Inquisition, on the Jesuits, on Juries, on Labor and Labor-saving Machines, are particularly valuable.

Mr. Durant has made another successful trip in the air from Castle Garden. Could the balloon excursion be made without bodily fear, we can believe what the voyagers have often told us, that it was one of the greatest possible enjoyments which the senses can receive. To sail in the azure of a summer sky—the heavens above and the earth below—man might feel all the poetry attached to the thought of leaving the world, and philosophize very accurately upon the worth of the unwearying pursuits after money, which the *emnets* below were toiling after. By the way, we remember an epigram on a Dutch vessel refusing to take up major money, who, after ascending in a balloon from Norwich, fell into the sea:—

Beneath the sun nothing, no nothing that's new;
Tho' Solomon said it, the maxim's not true;
A Dutchman, for instance, was heretofore known
On *lucre* intent, and on *lucre* alone;
Mynheer has grown honest, retreats from his prey,
Won't pick up a'en money, tho' dropt in his way!

LEGERDEMAIN.—Our correspondent Anthony —, at Lancaster; professes himself highly pleased with our answer to his question about the "learned pig." He is not yet satisfied, however, and among other things, asks "*How eggs are transformed into pancakes.*" We will tell him on condition that he will give us half the profits of the manufacture. It is a very common trick of *conjurers*, and one which rarely fails of pleasing the audience, and we imagine is understood by very few.

Take the number of eggs you mean to transform, and divest them of their yolks, preserving the shell as entire as possible; then make the same number of small pancakes. These prepared, proceed as follows:—Suppose you mean to transform six, present nine to the company, six of these divested of their yolks, and three unblown. After borrowing two hats, request some person to hold one of these upon his head with the bowl upwards, into which you must break the empty eggs, making it appear as though they were real ones. The pancakes mentioned, at the time of borrowing these hats, are easily slipped into the hat, as previously they are wrapped together in a small compass. With the other hat cover this, the two rims touching each other. Then shaking the hats, it will appear as though it were the yolks of the eggs that were shaking, while it is only the pancakes. After shaking, separate them with your magical stick; the three eggs with their yolks remaining by you untouched, in order that if any of the company should wish to examine them you have sound ones to present them.

We hope Anthony will treasure up his knowledge, and make a fortune rapidly. In the mean time we will tell him a more simple trick, which can be practised by any person of common adroitness. It is

How to make a pocket handkerchief belonging to one of the company, follow the exhibitor out of the room at the word of command!—Take a number of the hairs of a horse's tail, tying several of them end to end, until you have a sufficient length; then fasten one end of this string to the fold of your coat; the other end fasten to a bunch of paper in your pocket. Having borrowed a handkerchief, observe to the company the intention of the feat, throwing in a word or two about magic, at the same time, while their attention is absorbed with what you are telling them, dexterously convey your little bunch of paper under the borrowed handkerchief, folding the same. You may now begin to walk out calling the handkerchief by the name of "*nosey*"—"nosey!" to follow, which it will do, and you will come off the owner, if you make such a bargain before hand! The string is too fine to be observed by the company.

Some people may be ready to ask for what purpose we promulgate these kind of tricks. We answer in obedience to the request of a correspondent, and also to promote the innocent enjoyment of youth. An evening may occasionally be disarmed of its horrors, and young people kept at home by providing amusements suitable to their ages, when from mere ignorance and listlessness they will resort to worse places. We are friendly to all kinds of knowledge which does not degrade the understanding, and by showing some of the *tricks of the trade*, we are disarming the knowing from picking the pockets of others. If Anthony —, or any other of our correspondents desire it, we shall explain hereafter *how a card may be transferred to an egg*, with other amusing tricks of legerdemain.

Degrees in Consanguinity.—On Wednesday last, at the New Bailey, Manchester, Dr. Brown, in an appeal case, after having cross examined a witness named Turner, rose to cross examine the next one, whose name was also Turner; when the following dialogue took place:—Dr. Brown; Are you brother to the last witness?—Turner; I'm a piece o' one. Dr. Brown; What do you mean by a piece of one; are you his half brother?—Turner; No, I have but one leg!!!

WHERE IS PHILADELPHIA GOING?—We have been among the number of those who rejoiced in the rapid increase of this our favorite city, and when we saw good cause, have generally pointed out those improvements which were evidences of her enlargement and prosperity. It is time we should change our tune, and commence deprecating that enormous extension which is spreading an immense population over so much ground, that when any business is to be done, the aids of steam coaches or canals are required to traverse the given distance in a given time. Mrs. Mataprop has persuaded her husband that it would be very economical to move to the western part of the city, and no house being to be found nearer, at a reasonable rent, they moved last Wednesday fortnight beyond Broad Street.—The wife pronounced it charming the very first night—there was no rattling of carts, and then a new house was so clean and convenient. She had scarcely got her carpets adjusted before she repented her bargain, and sighed for Second Street and its thousand conveniences. The marketing was to be carried three quarters of a mile, and while Sally was tugging it home at a rate sufficient to kill a porter, madam was compelled to wash up the breakfast things, sweep the chambers, and do a thousand things which in sweet Second Street were all performed in regular time by her domestic.—The husband was so long in getting to his store in the morning, that Mr. Rice had got tired of waiting, to make him an offer for the cargo of molasses, and Mr. Coffee left word he had purchased his cotton elsewhere. The remainder of the morning was occupied in hunting up Mr. Rice, but when he was found, he had made arrangements with another house. Thus the time consumed by Mr. M. in walking to and fro has already proved a greater loss than all his saving in rent. And then Mrs. M., when she wishes to pay morning visits, is obliged to set out at nine o'clock, or be sure of not getting through the operation by dinner time. Shopping too, is a most serious affair, and generally requires a hack to be effectually accomplished. But the women, who promote these changes, must bear them as well they can—the extension of the city in every direction is attended with more serious evils than the fatigue of Sally, or the loss of temper of her mistress.

The wholesale business of Philadelphia may be said to be confined generally between Race and Spruce Streets, and it seems but yesterday that *all* business centered within the same limits. *Now*, how is the case altered! A wholesale dealer sends his clerk out on a collecting expedition after breakfast: one bill is due by A. B. in Kensington—another by B. C. out Callowhill Street near the Schuylkill—the third was purchased by C. D. in Plumb Street, Southwark, and before the whole are called upon, Bank hours are passed, and the payments of the day must be raised elsewhere. One man gives you a check on the Bank in Kensington, another on Penn Township, and a third on Southwark, and if you pretend to do a large business, one or two more clerks than formerly are requisite.

The carts, drays, and wheelbarrows too, are great sufferers by this inordinate extension of the city limits. Think of auction goods to be transported from Front street on the Delaware, for two miles in every direction! Time is destroyed, quarrels ensue, and who is benefitted? A wheelbarrow porter, to move a heavy vehicle over the stones,

from river to river, fairly earns a dollar, but has to be content with a fourth of the sum. And then who would think of calling on the new houses which have sprung up out Sixth and Seventh streets, almost as high up as Dyott's glass works.

The people of Pine street, and below, are as much separated from those of Coates's street as if they lived in Liverpool, for any valuable purpose of social intercourse. A young lady of Southwark, if she marries in Kensington or Penn township, stipulates beforehand for as regular an allowance of visits "home," as if she were going to Baltimore or New York; and the transportation of the children and the knitting, on these oft recurring occasions, is attended with about equal trouble as a voyage to either of our neighboring cities. The people of one section are so far separated as to require separate kinds of amusements, and distinct sets of topics of conversation. An actor who is popular in Southwark, is unknown to fame in Kensington; and it was but a few weeks since that a theatrical company pitched their tent near the Penn Monument, the fame of whose performances never reached even to Market street. The people of our southern outskirts know nothing of the Germantown Railroad, which is agitating Penn Township to its very centre—opening new streets, springing arches, and tearing away at a great rate.

Carriers of newspapers now walk to the Water Works in one direction, and almost to Gray's Ferry in the other, places distant from each other on the Schuylkill, at least three miles. When the Columbia Railroad is completed, if it *ever* is, our agents may go three miles further, if they follow this ever-swelling tide of population. To be sure we have more subscribers, but then how much snigger to have all your money within the compass of a morning walk! Give us back *old* Philadelphia, with its one successful Theatre, and we will bargain for the dismissal of the remainder. Give us a check on old North America, and who could care a fig for Southwark—but *we* are perhaps growing older as well as the city, and must rest content with the march of building and of population, and give place to the novel sight of our city swelling with the rapidity of a northern flood, and sweeping cornfields, country seats, and potatoe-patches into one general vortex of squares and streets, and the etcetera of a great metropolis.

We had the satisfaction of visiting Mr. Carr's (late Bartram's) Garden, at Gray's Ferry, in the early part of the week, and seldom have we spent a day more agreeably. To describe this delightful spot as it deserves, is far beyond our power, and it requires a scientific mind to place a proper estimate on its unrivalled value to the naturalist and man of science. We saw it in the sober livery of autumn, just as the breath of early winter had breathed upon its exuberant foliage, scattering the leaves upon the ground, or tinging the more hardy with the endless variety of colors for which an American autumn is so remarkable. In this garden spot of about thirty acres, it is believed that every tree belonging to North America is to be found. Florida, and the luxuriant latitude of the Gulf, have many representatives in this great congregation of the trees of North America. Among the southern plants is a Cypress from Florida, planted by Mr. Bartram, the founder of the garden; it is now ninety-three years old, and presents

the greatest mass of timber we ever beheld in a single tree, besides standing up a living pillar of unrivalled beauty. The collection of exotic plants is very extensive—all quarters of the world have rendered tribute to Mr. Carr's industry. His collection of grapes includes nearly two hundred varieties. He has just commenced a vineyard of three acres, in which no less than an hundred and twelve different kinds have been planted. Cuttings from all these can be procured at a moderate price, and in any quantity that may be required. The garden also contains miniature forests—or nurseries of oaks of various kinds. The demand for these from Europe is very great; the Kensington took out nearly a thousand dollars' worth for the Russian Government, to be planted in the royal grounds, as nurseries of the navy, and to extend the culture of the American oak throughout Russia. To the charms of this fascinating spot were added the polite attentions of the proprietor and his son, to whose obliging kindness we feel indebted for more than half the pleasure of our visit.

Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Greek, just republished in New York, is one of the best novels of modern times. It describes the manners and customs of the East with so much accuracy, that a celebrated diplomatist being requested to produce a book on those subjects, replied that Mr. Hope's Anastasius left *nothing* to be said. The story too, is powerful, natural and absorbing.

A VALUABLE COLONY.—Count de Leon and retinue, consisting of forty-five persons, have arrived at Albany, N. Y. from Belgium, and are emigrating to the West. The Albany Daily Advertiser says it is his intention to purchase a tract of land near Pittsburg, Pa. on which he and his dependants will locate. After he has purchased a tract, about 2000 persons from Belgium will leave their homes, and come to this country to settle on the Count's estate. The Count is said to be worth about \$5,000,000, and his arrival may be hailed as most interesting to the prosperity of our western land, which will be benefited to a great degree from his enterprise.

A collection of beautiful Sculptures, in marble, alabaster, &c. consisting of statuary, fruits, vases, and a variety of other objects, admirably adapted for mantel, pier and centre table ornaments, are now exhibiting for sale at the N. W. corner of Chesnut and Seventh Streets.

ORIGINAL REPORTS.

Every man covets possessions, but for want of true judgment, seeks those of least value, and neglects those of greater. Appearances are mistaken for realities. There is nothing more valuable on this side the grave than peace of mind; I will not except even that inestimable blessing, health. Estates, titles, honors, money, never made one man happy; they are the only desirable gew-gaws of a day. They please in prospect, but never in possession; while a mind at peace is a balance for every unfavorable contingency; it is proof against misfortune; the only soother in affliction; it can disarm poverty of its terrors, and support the man in distress. Content supplies every want, but creates none; it even smooths the bed of death. Solomon says it is worth seeking, which is more than he

says of money. Paul says it surpasses understanding. Addison calls it the Philosopher's stone, which, if it cannot convert every thing into gold, prevents every inordinate desire after it; and adds, if a man is not in some measure satisfied in his present station, he will be satisfied in none. Socrates calls it *natural wealth*. A contented man whose condition is supposed bad, may easily find one with whom he would not exchange it. Instead of regretting what he has not, he is pleased with what he has. Another may abound, yet want; but he with little, wants nothing.

But, alas! notwithstanding this, his substantial property, yet it is of all others the soonest lost.—No treasure is more easily fooled away. No property is less valued, though none so valuable.—More evil may ensue from a mind ruffled about one shilling, than ten will repair.

Such were my reflections on stepping into an Alderman's office on Monday, to witness a most tremendous explosion. A plaintiff was attempting to exhibit his claim to the officer of the law, when the defendant burst forth with the look of a tiger, and the rage of a madman. His tone exceeded that of thunder, but was not quite so grand; and he seemed like the tiger ready to devour his antagonist.—The Alderman supposing the case very singular, that could excite so much wrath, entreated him to be silent, till the plaintiff had made his demand, but he could no more be heard than a whisper in a tempest. His violence continued without intermission in spite of every intreaty or command, and the plaintiff not only received the blackest abuse, but even the officer was charged with being void of conscience. His wife begged and intreated to be heard, which was agreed to if she would silence her husband, but her interference only raised the storm instead of laying it. His fury not abating, the Alderman was obliged to order him to prison, when we had a little quiet, and the plaintiff and the wife were left in serenity to open to the court an important *nothing*.

The defendant having hired a horse of the plaintiff, which came to three quarters of a dollar, had paid him fifty cents, but withholding the balance, the plaintiff had served him with a summons, upon which he paid the remaining "quarter;" but the plaintiff, instead of taking the proper steps to close the suit, prosecuted for the charges.

Alderman.—Those cases, like election votes, which are of the least consequence, are often the most noisy. Two extremes have met in this case; I never found a cause more turbulent, or less important—the expense of a suit always follows the debt. But where no debt exists, no expense can follow, consequently this recoils upon the plaintiff. After the cause was entered in the books, he might have refused the balance—it was no legal tender, but his accepting the debt cuts off all claim. We must therefore dismiss the cause in favor of the furious defendant, who for one quarter of a dollar lost his temper, himself and his peace of mind, and the expenses must fall on the plaintiff.

This apparently ridiculous case is a sample of thousands which annually come before our Aldermen. No person who has not witnessed the petty warfare which is kept up by wheelbarrow porters, hack drivers, &c. &c. can have an idea of the delights of what is here called "having the law out of a man."

MISCELLANY.

SONG.

O pledge me not in sparkling wine,
In cups with roses bound;
O hail me at no festive shrine,
In mirth and music's sound.
Or if you pledge me, let it be
When none are by to hear,
And in the wine you drink to me,
For me let fall a tear.

Forbear to breathe in pleasure's hall,
A name you should forget;
Lest echo's faintest whisper fall
On her who loves thee yet.
Or if you name me, let it be
When none are by to hear;
And as my name is sigh'd by thee,
For me let fall a tear.

O think not when the harp shall sound
The notes we lov'd again,
And gentle voices breathe around,
I mingle in the strain.
Oh! only think you hear me when
The night breeze whispers near;
In hours of thought, and quiet then
For me let fall a tear.

Seek me not in the mazy dance,
Nor let your fancy trace
Resemblance in a timid glance;
Or distant form and face.
But if you seek me, be it when
No other forms are near;
And while in thought we meet again,
For me let fall a tear.

PRISON OF POLIGNAC.

THE *Edinburg Observer* gives the following account of the Fortress of St. Michael, in Normandy, where the ex-minister Polignac, is to remain for life.

The State Prison of St. Michael stands on a lofty pyramidal rock, situated in a spacious bay bearing the same name, which separates Normandy from Brittany. Seen from a distance, especially from the sea, it greatly resembles the rock of Ailsa in the Firth of Clyde. The channel that separates the mount from the main land may be crossed by pedestrians at low water, but numerous quicksands and the rapidity with which the tide rises, render a guide necessary. The rock shoots up steeply on all sides, and round the base about 100 houses are clustered within strong defensive works. Stairs cut in the rock, and carefully guarded, lead up to the prison, which is near its summit; and the extreme pinnacle is surrounded by a stately Abbey, about seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. This edifice is esteemed a place of great sanctity, and is still a famous place of pilgrimage among the devotees of the Church of Rome. As far back as the days of William the Conqueror, Mount St. Michael was a strong hold of note, and many distinguished men pined and perished in its dungeons. Ten thousand troops we are assured, could find accommodation in the fortress and abbey alone; and the subterranean apartments, scooped in the entrails of the mountain, and of which many bloody and barbarous traditions are on record, form a labyrinth of which even the officials do not know the boundaries. At the time we speak of (1822) about eight hundred prisoners were immured in the fortress, part of them for crimes against the State, and part for common felonies. Among the horrible contrivances in this dreary retreat, there is an abyss called "Montgomerie's Hole," of prodigious depth, which is supposed to have been an obligatory or concealed trap door, upon which in barbarous times, criminals inimical to

the state, and whose death it was deemed advisable to cover with mystery, were lured to step unwittingly, and so hurried into eternity. In one of the dungeons, so late as the end of the last century, there was huge cages, constructed of strong wooden bars, in which many eminent victims pined and suffered, and among others, Francis de la Bretonniere, a printer of Leyden, who was clandestinely seized in Holland, for publishing a satire on Louis XIV. and who died in this horrible cell after a long and severe imprisonment. Louis XI. one of the cruellest and meanest despots that ever dishonored the throne of France, had a great liking for Mount St. Michael, and made frequent pilgrimages to its shrine; and one of his improvements was the formation of *oubliettes*, pits, or 'forgotten holes,' shaped like inverted cones, in which the wretched beings immured in them could neither lie, sit, nor stand, and into which they were lowered with the knowledge that they were to be left to die of starvation.

TWO OF A TRADE, OR FACULTY FEUDS.—It is the fortune, (good or ill is matter of opinion) of the town of ———, in Kent, the population of which is under three thousand, to have six apothecaries among its denizens. The junior partner in an eminent wholesale druggist house, travelling for the firm this spring, was so pleased with the orders he obtained from them in the morning, that, in the overflowing of his heart, he invited his customers to sup with him at the Saracen's Head in the evening. Mr. Jones arrived first, and mutual greetings were exchanged; but on the appearance of Mr. Thompson, a few minutes after, Mr. Jones took up his hat and walked away. Mr. Thompson took himself off with no less precipitation on the entrance of Mr. Wilkins, who, in his turn, stalked away indignantly at sight of Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith had barely time to pull off his gloves and enjoy a single snuff of a couple of fine roast ducks which "Tom" the waiter was placing on the table, when in walked Mr. Simpson; away bolted Smith with a look of fiery indignation at his entertainer, while Simpson, who luckily for himself, was the last comer, sat down to the table alone with his host, congratulating himself that he had escaped the company of the scoundrel who had just left the room.

Old Storace (the father of the celebrated composer) had lost nearly all his teeth at rather an early period of his life. This to one who was decidedly a high liver, was a great annoyance. A dentist of eminence undertook to supply the defect; he drew the few teeth which remained, and fitted the patient with an entire new set, which acted by means of springs, and were removable at pleasure. The operation was so skilfully performed, and the resemblance so good, that Storace flattered himself that no one could discover the deception. Being one day in company with Foster (a performer in the Drury Lane orchestra, and one celebrated among his companions for quaintness and humor,) he said, "now, Foster, I'll surprise you—I'll show you something you never could have guessed." So saying, he took out the ivory teeth, and exclaimed with an air of triumph, "There, what do you think of that?" "Poh! nonsense! surprise me," replied Foster, "I knew perfectly well they were false." "How the devil could you know that?" said Storace. "Why," rejoined Foster, "I never knew any thing *true* come out of your mouth!"

MURDER OF THE LAIRD OF WARRISTON, BY HIS OWN WIFE.

THIS is the subject of a Scottish ballad, well known to collectors in that department; and the history of the conversion of the murderer, and of her carriage at her execution, compiled apparently by one of the clergymen of Edinburgh, has been lately printed by Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, whose merits as an author, antiquary, and draughtsman, stand in no need of our testimony.

The story of the young lady is short and melancholy. She was a daughter of Livingston of Dunipace, a courtier, and a favorite of James VI.; an ill-assorted marriage united her at an early age with the Laird of Warriston, a gentleman whom she did not love, and who apparently used her with brutal harshness. The Lady Warriston accused her husband of having struck her several blows, besides biting her in the arm; and conspired with her nurse to murder him. The confidante, inspired by that half-savage attachment which in those days animated the connexion between the foster-child and the nurse, entered into all the injuries of which her *dalt* (i. e. foster daughter) complained, encouraged her in her fatal purpose, and promised to procure the assistance of a person fitted to act the part of actual murderer, or else to do the deed with her own hands. In Scotland, such a character as the two wicked women desired for their associate was soon found in a groom, called Robart Weir, who appears, for a very small hire, to have undertaken the task of murdering the gentleman. He was ushered privately into Warriston's sleeping apartment, where he struck him severely upon the flank-vein, and completed his crime by strangling him. The lady in the meantime fled from the nuptial apartment into the hall, where she remained during the perpetration of the murder. The assassin took flight when the deed was done; but he was afterwards seized and executed. The lady was tried and condemned to death, on the 16th of June, 1600. The nurse was at the same time condemned to be burnt alive, and suffered her sentence accordingly; but Lady Warriston, in respect to her gentle descent, was appointed to die by the *Maiden*, a sort of rude guillotine, imported, it is said, from Halifax, by the Earl of Morton, while regent, who was himself the first that suffered by it.

The printed account of this beautiful murderess contains a pathetic narrative of the exertions of the worthy clergyman (its author) to bring her to repentance. At first, his ghostly comfort was very ill received, and she returned with taunts and derision his exhortations to penitence. But this humor only lasted while she had hopes of obtaining pardon through the interest of her family. When these vanished, it was no longer difficult to bring her, in all human appearance, to a just sense of her condition; her thoughts were easily directed towards heaven, so soon as she saw there was no comfort upon earth.

The pride of Lady Warriston's parents suggested a petition that she might be executed betwixt five and six in the morning; but both the clergymen and magistrates seem to have consented unwillingly to this arrangement.

The clergymen was particularly offended that the display of her penitence should not be as public as that of her guilt had been, and we may forgive the good man if there was any slight regret for a diminished display of his own success, as a religious assistant, mixed with this avowed dissatisfaction.—*Quarterly Review*.

FORCE OF GUNPOWDER.—The removal of the ruins of St. Paul's forms an instructive chapter in architecture. The walls, eighty feet perpendicular, and five feet thick, and the tower, at least two hundred feet high, though cracked and swayed, and tottering, stuck obstinately together, and their removal, stone by stone, was found tedious and dangerous. At first, men with picks and levers loosened the stones above, then canted them over, and laborers moved them away below, and piled them into heaps. The want of room (for between the walls of the church and those of the houses there lay a street only some thirty feet wide) made this slow and unsafe; several men lost their lives, and the piles of stones grew steep and large. Thus, however, Wren proceeded, gaining every day more room, till he came to the middle tower, that bore the steeple; the remains of the tower being near two hundred feet high, the laborers were afraid to work above, thereupon he concluded to facilitate this work by the use of gunpowder. He dug a hole down by the north-west pillar of the tower, the four pillars of which were each about fourteen feet diameter; when he had dug to the foundation, he then, with crows and tools made on purpose, wrought a hole two feet square hard into the centre of the pillar; there he placed a little tin box, containing eighteen pounds of powder, and no more; a cane was fixed in the box with a quick match, as gunners call it, within the case, which reached from the box to the ground above, and along the ground was laid the train of powder with a match; after the mine was carefully closed up again with stone and mortar to the top of the ground, he then observed the effect of the blow. This little quantity of powder not only lifted up the whole angle of the tower, with two great arches which rested upon it, but also two adjoining arches of the aisles and all above them; and this it seemed to do somewhat leisurely, cracking the walls to the top, and lifting visibly the whole weight above nine inches, which suddenly jumping down made a great heap of ruins in the place without scattering; it was half a minute before the heap opened in two or three places and emitted some smoke. By this description may be observed the incredible force of powder, eighteen pounds of which lifted up three thousand tons, and saved the work of three thousand laborers. The fall of so great a weight from an height of two hundred feet gave a concussion to the ground that the inhabitants around took for an earthquake. During Wren's absence, his superintendant made a larger hole, put in a greater charge of gunpowder, and neglecting to fortify the mouth of the mine, applied the match. The explosion accomplished the object, but one stone was displaced with so much violence, that it flew to the opposite side of the church-yard, smashed in a window where some women were sitting, and alarmed the whole neighborhood so much that they united in petitioning that no more powder might be used.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

THE BEE.

Bees gather honey from neglected flowers.

SONG.

Oh! what upon earth is like woman's bright eye,
If that eye is turned upon me?
What's a lamp in the streets, or a star in the sky,
To that glance with which rapture I see? [battle,
Tho' the coach wheels may rattle, the horses make
The reins fly like feathers on air;
Yet when woman's but by, with that light in her eye,
Life's as smooth as a one-horse chair.

Tho' the rabble around us may wish to confound us,
While I gaze on your twinklers, my dear,
All Epsom might go to the regions below,
To meet with all Doncaster there;
Lord Humbuck might wive his whole family hive,
The Meltons at ditches look shy;
The world run agog, and the king play leap-frog,
And the Thames and the Bank both run dry.

Now the birds are all bliss, and Sol gives his last kiss,
As much as to tell us, my dove,
That evening's a moment which no one should miss,
Who thinks to make music or love:
So come to my side—two such bosoms as ours
Were made to be linked in one chain:
I've a cloak for the sun, an umbrella for showers,
And a cab for old London again.

ON A GENTLEMAN WHO EXPENDED HIS FORTUNE IN HORSE RACING.

Jack ran so long, and ran so fast,
No wonder he run out at last;
He ran in debt, and then, to pay,
He distanced all—and ran away.

A Lincolnshire farmer on being told that the low countries had risen, said he 'was glad to hear it, for they would not be so often injured by floods!'

A gentleman once apologizing to a company for not joining in conversation, said he was afflicted with a cold in his head, and when that was the case he was always heavy, dull, and stupid. 'Upon my soul then,' replied John Wilkes, 'you are very much to be pitied, for you must have been afflicted with that same cold in your head ever since I knew you, which is more than twenty years.'

A person enquiring what became of such-a-one, 'Oh, dear,' says one of the company, 'poor fellow, he died insolvent, and was buried by the parish.' 'Died insolvent!' cries another, 'that is a mistake, for he died in England, I am sure, I was at his burying!'

A single herring, if suffered to multiply unmolested and undiminished for twenty years, would show a progeny greater in bulk than ten such globes as that we live upon.

A soldier flying in battle, was called to by all comrades, 'How canst thou be so infamous? for thy fellows witness thy disgrace, and curse thee for a coward!' 'That may be,' said the fugitive, 'but I would rather be cursed as a living soldier, than blest as a dead hero.'

A man who had fretted himself into ill health by his anxiety for a cardinal's hat, once asked his friend how he managed to enjoy such excellent health, while he himself was always a valetudinarian?—'The reason is,' replied the other, 'that you have your hat always in your head, and I have my head always in my hat.'

Never talk of your parentage: for if it is *honorable*, you virtually acknowledge your claims to rest on the merit of *others*; or, if it is *mean*, you wish to show that something good has at length come out of *Nazareth*; or if it is *neither*, your conversation can be interesting only to *yourself*?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. D. B. Hopewell, N. Y. is received and credited.—D. B. Northumberland, N. Y. is received; request complied with.—J. B. Walpole, N. H. is received, and papers sent.—A. J. L. Edwardsville, H. is received, his explanations are satisfactory.—The subscribers are now all credited for Vol. 5.—Our Agent at Utica will be written to shortly—nothing to say at present.

Should any of our correspondents feel neglected by our not noticing them earlier, they must attribute the delay to the right motive. It would be as improper to blame us for our apparent neglect in this particular, as to chastise a man for being more than a month coming from Europe—we notice in course, all who appear worthy of such an honor, and as soon as time permits.

We could a tale unfold which would place S. W.'s communication in utter oblivion—but the present is not the proper time.

T. E. W. shall hear from us, and that soon.

"Philadelphia Unmasked," would indeed present a motley aspect; were we capable of effecting the design of Asmodeus, we are sure we should find much to admire and respect, as well as something to condemn.

The reported horrible transactions from Washington, in which a member of Congress performed a deed too horrible to think of, will undergo a legal investigation—till it reach us in a more authentic form than it has as yet, we must decline its promulgation.

Porcupine's *cut direct* will have its effect if it enters the proper place.

Subscribers who have any complaints to make about their postmasters, should go to head quarters at once, and when we know certainly of a delinquent who deserves castigation, we shall hold him up to public view, having no idea of a man accepting a salary for doing nothing, and getting his duty performed at half price.—We like half price bookstores, but not half price postmasters—the one distributes information cheaply to all, while the other prevents the circulation of everything good.

The manufacture of silk—the history of it, we mean—is even more curious than N. N. supposes. In 1734, Sir Thomas Lambe erected, in an island on the Derwent, near Derby, England, a curious mill for the manufacture of silk. He brought the model, the only one of the kind in the kingdom, from Italy, at the hazard of his life. This machine was deemed so important, that, at the expiration of Sir Thomas's patent, parliament voted him \$70,000 for the risk he had incurred, and the expense attending its completion.

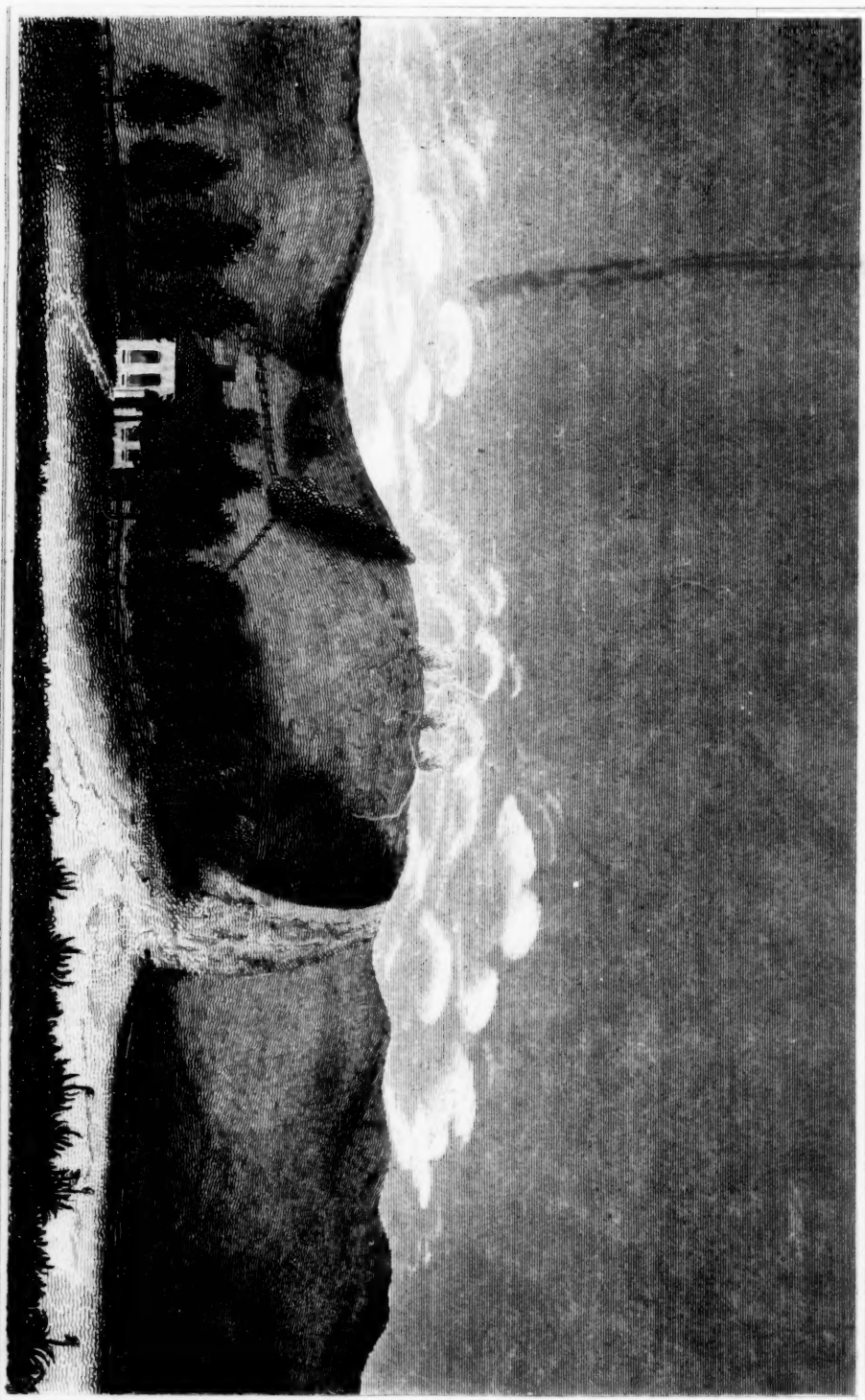
We really have not time to reply in full to the sarcastic remarks of a correspondent who ridicules the idea of transmitting news by means of iron pipes under ground. The only difficulty of conveying sounds to a great distance arises from the sound spreading and losing itself in the surrounding air; so that if we could confine it on one side, as along a well—on two sides, as in a narrow street—or on all sides, as in a tube or pipe—we should be able to convey it to great distances. In the cast-iron water-pipe of Paris, which formed a continuous tube with only two bendings near its middle, the lowest whisper at one end was distinctly heard at the other, through a distance of 3,120 feet. A pistol fired at one end actually blew out a candle at the other end, and drove out light substances with great violence.—Hence we see the operation of speaking tubes which pass from one part of a building to another, and of the new kind of bell which is formed of a wooden or tin tube, with a small piston at each end. By pushing in one piston, the air in the tube conveys the effect to the piston at the other end, which strikes against the bell—this piston being, as it were, the clapper on the outside of the bell. The intensity of confined sounds is finely exhibited at Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight.—There is here a well 210 feet deep, of twelve feet in diameter, and lined with smooth masonry; and when a pin is dropped into it, the sound of its striking the surface of the water is distinctly heard. These facts in defence of our theory we find in a late number of the London Quarterly, to which we refer our correspondent, satisfied that he will thus become a convert to our opinions.

Black-rent, or Black-mail, was a certain rate of money corn, cattle, or other consideration, paid (says Cowell) to men allied with robbers, to be by them protected from the danger of such as usually rob or steal.

The Departure, 1829, is received—should prefer some other favors from so favorite a quarter.

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The House in which MAJOR ANDRE was tried and condemned.